

A DELL  
10¢  
MAGAZINE

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# ANIMAL

comics



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



"Haven't you gone south yet, Bobby?" called Mallard Duck to Bobby Robin. "You're late this year."

"I know I am," replied Bobby Robin. "But I want to stay and see snow."

"Well, let us know what snow is like," Mallard Duck called as he and his family flew off.

Bobby stayed in the far north for what seemed the longest time, but he didn't see any snow. Then, one morning, when he took his head out from under his wing, PLOP! a snow flake fell right on his head.

"Well," said Bobby. "From Charley Snowbird's description that must be snow."

"It's very pretty, but it's very cold too. Brrrr." He pulled his little wings close about him. "Now that I've seen the snow I'd better fly off at once."

But it was not so easy to fly through the falling snow. The snowflakes stuck to Bobby's wings and pretty soon they were so heavy he couldn't lift them, and he began to fall through the air. Down and down he fell and it looked like poor Bobby was going to land very hard. But he fell in a big pile of autumn leaves all covered over with snow, and practically right on top of Walter Weasel.

"It's a good thing I jumped out of your way," said Walter. "Did you hurt yourself?"

Bobby was a little dizzy, but he stood up. "My legs are all right. I'll try my wings." And he tried to flutter his wings, but one wing would hardly budge. "It's no use," he said. "It doesn't hurt much but I won't be able

to continue my trip south."

"Then you can be company for the winter," said Walter. "We will make you very comfortable, I'm sure. Now wait, I'll be right back."

In no time at all he returned with White Rabbit. "Hop on my shoulder," said White Rabbit and he bent his shoulder down.

"Where are we going?" asked Bobby.

"To Mrs. Bear's cave. She is not quite asleep yet and will be glad to have you."

Bobby Robin got on White Rabbit's shoulder and off they hopped to Mrs. Bear's cave.

"Well, well, well, so we have a little visitor," greeted Mrs. Bear when they had stopped at her winter home. "Come right in, Bobby. It is nice and warm inside."

And it was nice and warm inside. Bobby lost his chill in a very short time. He did feel hungry though and he wondered how he would keep from starving. He needn't have worried at all, for soon there was a knock on Mrs. Bear's door and in came Mr. and Mrs. Woodchuck with some acorns, and behind them came Mrs. Squirrel with some very choice nutmeats. White Rabbit and Walter Weasel came in too. They were carrying a little swallow's nest.

"This may be a little small," said Walter. "But maybe you can make it larger."

"It will be just right, I'm sure," chirped Bobby, and he was so happy to have found such nice friends that he sang a little song.

"My," said Mrs. Bear. "It's just like spring."

All the others agreed, so for the rest of the winter Bobby sang for them just as often as they liked.

Of course, Mrs. Bear didn't get as much sleep as she usually did, but she didn't mind. "I can catch up next winter," she said kindly.

# UNCLE WIGGLY

CREATED AND DRAWN BY  
HOWARD G. GARBY

THREE FRESH PIES—MINCE, APPLE, AND CHERRY—AND A CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH FOR A PICNIC LUNCH!

LET ME SEE—THERE'LL BE UNCLE WIGGLY, AUNT JERUSHIA ANN THE GOAT LADY, HER NEPHEW BILLY WAGTAIL, AND SAMMIE AND SUSIE LITTLELAMB AND MYSELF—

NOW I'LL GO ACROSS TO AUNT JERUSHIA'S, AND SEE IF SHE'S READY.

OH, BO-O-OY! SHHH!

SA-A-AY, SAMMY—WHERE'LL WE HIDE THESE? WE CAN'T EAT 'EM NOW.

BEHIND THE KINDLING BOX, BILLY.

W-A-A-A-IT! I JUST THOUGHT—WON'T NURSE JANE FUZZY WUZZY START LOOKIN' FOR 'EM WHEN SHE FINDS THE BASKET EMPTY?

IT WON'T BE EMPTY.

YOU'RE GOING TO PUT SOMETHING BACK IN THE BASKET, SAMMY?

YES!

WE'LL FILL THE BASKET WITH SANDUST, AND NOBODY WILL GUESS—

THE SCAMPS! I'LL CERTAINLY HAVE TO THINK OF A WAY TO GET EVEN WITH THEM—SOMETHING BETTER THAN SPANKING!

PAGE 1

I'VE GOT AN IDEA AND EVERYTHING IS RIGHT HERE



FIRST, A PAINFUL OF WOOD'SHAVINGS



—AND A CRUST MADE OF PLASTIC WOOD!



I'LL SET IT HERE TO DRY WHILE I'M MAKING THE OTHERS.



AND NOW FOR A PLASTER OF PARIS LAYER CAKE — NEH, NEH!



HELP! UNCLE WIGGILY! I'M STUCK!



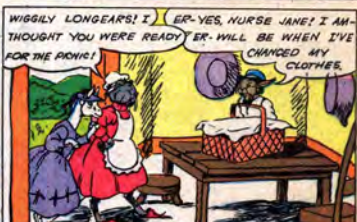
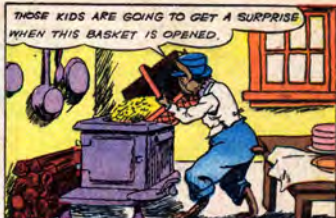
BUGGSY, WILL YOU NEVER LEARN TO KEEP YOUR FINGERS OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S PIES?

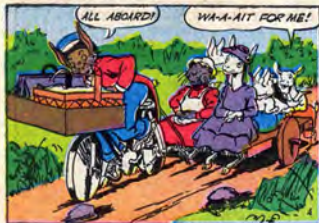


IF YOU GET STUCK IN THIS CAKE, BUGGSY, YOU MAY BE EATEN FOR AN ARTIFICIAL RAISIN.

HUH! WHO'S GONNA EAT A PLASTER CAKE WITH PUTTY FROSTING?







ALL ABOARD!

WA-A-AIT FOR ME!



HI, UNCLE WIGGILY! GET A HORSE!

PUFF  
PUFF



HI, BUGGSY! GET A WHEELBARROW!

STO-O-O-O-OP! I'M LOSING  
MY HA-A-AT!

!!!



PSSST! HERE COMES OUR LUNCH NOW, SKEE.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND A CROWD!  
DUCK INTO THE BUSHES, PIP!



WELL, HERE WE ARE— WITH THE WHOLE PLACE  
TO OURSELVES.



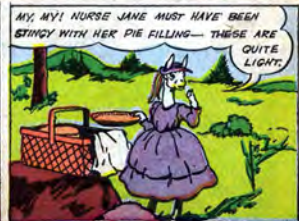
SHALL WE RUSH THEM NOW, SKEE?

NO! WAIT TILL  
THEY'RE ALL SET  
AND SNEAK UP  
ON THEM.



GO AND FIND SOME TOADSTOOLS TO SIT ON, KIDS,  
WHILE AUNT JERUSHIA ANN AND I SET THE TABLE.

ALL RIGHTY, NURSE JANE.



MY, MY! NURSE JANE MUST HAVE BEEN  
STINGY WITH HER PIE FILLING— THESE ARE  
QUITE LIGHT.







HEY! WATCH OUT, FOLKS! I SUSPECT THERE'S A BAD

ANIMAL OR TWO  
BEHIND  
THOSE  
BUSHES!

READY!



GEEEEE! THE PIP AND THE SKEEZICKS!

BA-A-A-AH!

RUN,  
NURSE  
JANE!



THEY'LL GET A SURPRISE!



KRUNCH! MUNCH! AH! SOMETHING FUNNY  
'BOUT THIS PIECRUST.

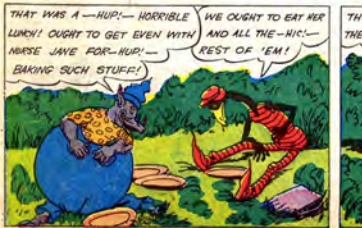


THEY WERE ALL CRUST  
AND NO FILLING—HOW'S  
THE CAKE, SKEET?

TERRIBLE! IT TASTES LIKE  
PLASTER AND PUTTY.



GOOD GRIEF! IS THERE NOTHING THOSE BAD  
ANIMALS CAN'T DIGEST? THEY'VE EATEN  
IT ALL!



THAT WAS A—HUP!—HORRIBLE  
LUNCH! OUGHT TO GET EVEN WITH  
NURSE JAVE FOR—HUP!—  
BAKING SUCH STUFF!

WE OUGHT TO EAT HER  
AND ALL THE—HIC!—  
REST OF 'EM!



THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR US—I MUST GET  
THE OTHERS AWAY  
SAFELY.



IF PIP AND SKEE DON'T SEE THIS TRAIL AND FOLLOW IT, THEY'LL BE STUPIDER THAN I THINK THEY ARE.



I CAN'T HEAR THEM — THEY MUST BE HIDING SNIFF-SNIFF! THERE'S STILL A SMELL OF RABBIT AND TALCUM POWDER HERE.



LOOK! HERE'S THE POWDER — IT MUST HAVE TRICKLED OUT OF NURSE JANE'S HANDBAG.



HUH! WHAT DO YOU SPOSE SHE WALKED UP HERE FOR?



NOW WHAT? I NEVER KNEW THAT OLD MUSKRAT LADY COULD FLY!



SHE DIDN'T FLY, SKEE — THE TALCUM TRAIL IS OVER HERE.



PHOOEY! IT'S MAKING ME DIZZY TO FOLLOW THIS FOUL TRAIL.



WHO EVER MADE IT MUST BE DIZZIER, PIP — WE'LL CATCH HIM SOON.

IT JUST CAN'T BE! BUT IT IS! SEEING IS BELIEVING, P.I.P.



THAT "TRAIL-UP-A-TREE" TRICK WILL GIVE ME TIME TO PLAY MY NEXT TRICK—(I HOPE).



I AM GLAD I HAPPENED TO HAVE THIS WIRE IN MY VALISE.



**SPLOOSH!**



LOSE SOMETHING, UNCLE WIGGILY?



NEW KIND OF FISH NET, UNCLE WIGGILY?

**UG-GLUB!**



THOSE SELF-LOCKING WIRE SNARES ARE TO CATCH THE BAD PIPSEWAH AND THE WORSE SKEEZICK'S.

OH-H! CAN'T WE HELP, UNCLE WIGGILY?

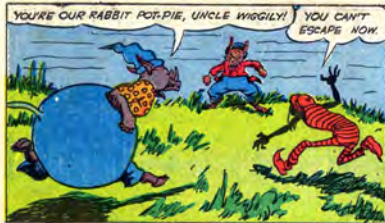


YES— YOU FISHE'S CAN NIBBLE THEIR TOES IF THEY TRY TO GET AWAY— HERE THEY COME NOW!



THERE'S UNCLE WIGGILY YOU GO TO THE RIGHT, ON THE RIVER BANK, AND I'LL GO TO THE LEFT. WE'LL CATCH HIM BETWEEN US.





# ALBERT and Pogo

LOOKY  
HOWLAND OWL!

DE MARK OF  
DE BEAST!

DAT ALBERT  
CLUTTERIN' UP DE  
SWAMP FIT TO KILL.

PUSSONAL, AH WISH HE  
CLUTTER UP A SEEGAR  
FO' ME, TOO.

WHUT US OUGHT TO DO  
IS GIVE DISH YERE ALBERT  
SOME CULTURE.

WHY, DAT BOY ALLUS THROWIN'  
SEEGARS ALL OVAH DE PLACE—  
HE ISN'T GOT NO  
MANNERS!

YO' IS  
RIGHT!

IT UP TO US TO SHOW ALBERT  
DE ARROW OF HIS WAYS—WE  
GIT HIM TO GIVE UP SEEGARS  
FUST—NATURAL WE GITS DE  
SEEGARS HE GIVES UP!

NATURAL.

HAPPY DAY IN  
DE MAWNIN',  
WOKE UP A YAWNIN',  
LOOKED AT DE DAWNIN',  
GREAT TO BE BAWN IN—

DERES OL' POGO... HE  
DE BES' MAN FO' US  
TO ENLISK ON OUAH  
CROO-SADE.

WHY SHO', BUT POGO  
A HARD MAN TO GIT  
TO DO ANYFING  
'GAINST ALBERT—  
WE'LL GOTTA USE  
OUAH HEADS TO ENLISK  
DAT BOY.



HOT DIGGETY!  
FISHES FO' SUPPAH!

PUT BACK DAT  
LIL' CHILE CAT-  
FISH OR AH'LL  
WHOP YOU!

OH, AH 'GREES  
WIF YO' ONE  
HUNNERED  
PORE CENT!



FINGS GITTIN' SO  
HUMANE 'ROUND DISH  
YERE SWAMP US FOLKS  
WILL HAVE TO TAKE UP  
EATIN' MUD TURKLES.

**POGO, YO' IS  
A CANNYBILE!**

AH POINTS DE  
FINGERBONE OF  
SCORN AN' DETESTION  
ATCHOO— FAUGH,  
FAUGH, FAUGH!

WHUT?

BRAVO!



WHY, CAP'N CHURCHY  
LA FEMME, YO KNOWS  
AH IS YO' BOOZUM  
BUDDY—YO' PAL—YO'  
CHUM! AH  
LOVES YO'!

WIF PICKLED 'TATERS  
AN' CREAM YO'  
LOVES ME—POGO,  
US IS TH'OO!

OOOHH—CAP'N CHURCHY,  
AH IS MIZZABLE—AH DO  
ANYFING TO MAKE UP  
DE INSULK TO  
YO' TURKLES!



WHY POGO, US TURKLES FO'GIVES  
YO'—IF YO' IS SURE YO'LL DO  
ANYFING TO MAKE UP DE  
INSULK TO US

SWEAR YO'LL  
DO WHUT US  
TURKLES ASK

OWL, YO' ISN'T  
A TURKLE—  
YO' IS A  
FEATHERED  
CRITTUR...  
TURKLES IS  
SLIPPERY.

OWL BE  
SLIPPERY  
AS DEY  
COMES—  
GO AHEAD  
AN' SWEAR.



DASH  
RIGHT!



OKAY, AH WILL SWEAR—  
GOSH A' MICKLE, DICKLE-PICKLE,  
HECK AN' GOLLY, GEEMINY  
HECK AN' GOLLY, AN' DERN  
AN' DING BING IT!

DAT'S  
GOOD  
SWEARIN'.

NOW WHUT US  
GONE DO IS  
REE-FORM  
AN' REE-FINE  
ALBERT!

WHY, SHECKS,  
SOMEBODY TRY  
DAT EVY' YEAR  
BUT ALBERT  
GIT MO'  
ALLIGATORISH  
AN' MO'  
ALLIGATORISH







LET'S US GO FIGGER OUT  
SOME WAY TO MAKE ALBERT  
GIVE UP SEEGARS—YO' GOTTA  
HE'P US, POGO.

LET'S US  
GO OVAH  
TO POGO'S  
HOUSE.



FUNNY HOW YO'  
PICKS MAH HOUSE  
WHEN AH GOT  
A NEW BATCH  
O' COOKIES.



AH TOLE YO' POGO  
ALLUS GOT GOOD  
IDEAS, OWL.

SUMPIN' TOLE  
ME AH IS  
BEEN TOOK.

YASSUH.



LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND FRIENDS  
OF DE TURKLES, AH RISES TO  
GIVE YOUALL WELCOME.

GREAT!  
GREAT!



GREAT!  
GREAT!



MISTUH TURKLE IF YO' MUST APPLAUD  
CONSTANT, PLEASE JES' SHOW YO'  
'PRECIACTION BY WINGLIN'  
YO' FINGERBONES.

AH CUTS DOWN  
DE ENTHUSIASM  
AN' WINGLES JES'  
ONE FINGERBONE.

FRIENDS OF DE TURKLE,  
AH GIVES YO' DAT FOREMOST  
AUTHORITY ON WHUT TO DO  
'BOUT ALBERT, MISTUH  
POGO POSSUM!

SAY A FEW  
CHOICE WORDS,  
POGO.



MA CHOICE WORDS IS DESE;  
EITHER FIGGER OUT WHUT YO'  
WANTS ME TO DO OR GIT  
ON OUTA THERE.

POGO, YOU ISN'T BEIN'  
PARLIMENTERARY!



OKAY, LET'S GIT ON DOWN TO  
CASES... NOW WHO COULD MAKE  
ALBERT GIVE UP SEEGARS?  
NAMELY, A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
OF WHOM HE GONE BE IN  
LOVE OF...

AND WHO IS DAT MYSTERIOUS  
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN? NAMELY,  
MISTUH POGO POSSUM OF  
DE SOFT BROWN EYES!

HEAR,  
HEAR!



WHY, DEY MUS' BE SCABS  
OF DISGUISES FO  
BEAUTIFUL WOMENS  
LAVIN' RIGHT UNDAH  
OUAH NOSES.

AH WON'T  
DO IT - AH  
REJECTS DE  
SUGGESTION.

FAUGH, A  
BACKSLIDER!  
YO' PROMISED,  
MISTUH  
POGO,  
AN' A  
GENT'MUN  
KEEPS  
HIS WORD!

WELL, AH  
GUESS YO'  
GOT ME  
OVAH A  
BARREL!



DERE, WIF DAT BONNET AN' WIO AN' DSH YERE FROCK YOU LOOK LIKE GLEE O'PATRICK HERSELF.

ALL DIS TRUCK BELONG TO MA AUNT PERSNICKEY.

POGO, YO' IS DEE-VINE!

YO' BEAUTY IS BLINDIN'— AH KIVVERS MA PEEPERS TO KEEP FUM FALLIN' MADY IN LOVE OF YOU!



IS YO' KIVVERIN' YO' EYEBALLS OR HOLDIN' YO' NOSE?



YO' QUICK SQUINCH 'ROUND DE LONG WAY TO ALBERT'S HOUSE... TURKLE AN' ME WILL GO BY DE QUICK PATH.

US WILL PREE-PARE ALBERT FO' DE ADVENT OF DE DAZZLIN' BEAUTY F'UM BATTIN' ROUGE! REMEMBER, YO FLIRTS AT HIM!

AH WILL BREAK HIS HEART.



STRAIGHT AHEAD NOW, "FULL STEAM", US NEARIN' OL' ALBERT'S DOMICILE.

UNCLE REGULAR IS SICK AN' HIS HAT TOO BIG FO' ME, SO BULLET JOE, DE BOLL WEEVIL, IS HELPIN'.

JUMP, "FULL STEAM", US GONNA CRASH!

AH IS "FULL STEAM", DE SUBSTITUTE MAIL CARRIER.

LEFT, "FULL STEAM."



WHO DAT BUNKIN  
INTO MA HOUSE?

NOR ICE  
NOR SLEET  
NOR DARK OF NIGHT  
SHALL STAY  
DISH YERE—

IT'S US, DE  
UNITY STATES  
MAILS.

ALBERT

HOT DOGGIES! YO' MEANS  
YO' GOT ALL DEM DERE  
LETTERS FO' ME?

UNCLE REGULAR IS  
OOT DE DWINDLES...  
AH IS DE SUBSTITOOT,  
"FULL STEAM" JONES.

AN' HERE'S  
YO LETTER.

READ AT ME... AH JES  
SENT MA GLASSES OUT  
FO' HALF SOLES AN' HEELS.

WELL, LET'S SEE YERE—DAT DERE  
LETTUH IS A "P" OR MEBBE A  
"X"—YO' GOTTA WATCH DEM "X"  
BOYS. DEY CREEPS IN—WELL, SUH,  
NOW OVAH YERE US GOT A LOT  
OF LITTLE BITTY LETTUHS  
MIND ME OF BUNGLE BEES.

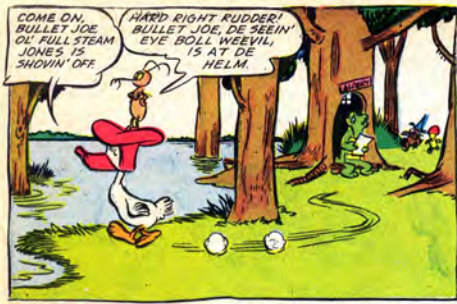
NOW, YOU TAKE A LETTUH LIKE DISH  
YERE... MAN, DAT POSSIBLE COULD  
BUST OUT AN BE A "R" OR A "W"  
WIFOUT NOBODY KNOW IT! SO AH  
FIGGERS SOMEBODY WRITE YOU A  
SECRET 'BOU'T SOME BEES

DAT ALL SHE SAY? DAT ALL DE READIN'  
YO' GONE DO?

WHUT YO' SPECT  
FUM DE UNITY  
STATES MAIL-  
SINGIN' AN'  
DANCIN'?

AH IS  
"FULL  
STEAM!"





COME ON, BULLET JOE. OL' FULL STEAM JONES IS SHOVIN' OFF.

HARD RIGHT RUDDER! BULLET JOE, DE SEEIN' EYE BOLL WEEVIL, IS AT DE HELM.



MAN DE LIFE RAFTS! DE CIVIL SERVICE DONE FALL INTO DE SWAMP!



ALBERT! ALBERT! WUNNIFLE NEWS! WUNNIFLE NEWS!



AH GOT ALL DE NEWS AH KIN STAND—BUT AH CAINT READ IT.



DAWG MA CATS! BUT YERE IS DE SAME FING AH GONE TELL YO'!



LOOKY DERE, CHURCHY—A LOVE LETTER TO ALBERT FUM STRAWBERRY SHORTCUT, DE BATON ROUGE BOMB SHELL!

**BIG SALE**

- ONIONS.....06
- POTATOES.....07
- SHOES.....09
- HATS.....37
- BOOKS.....21
- FISH.....35
- BOMBS.....65
- BRICKS.....12
- PERFUME.....19

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AT THE OLD STUMP DEPT. STORE

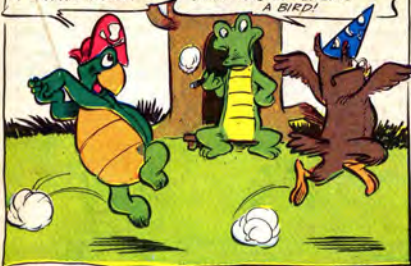


WHY, ALBERT, US JES' RUN ACROSS DISH VERE STRAWBERRY SHORTCUT F'UM BATON ROUGE AN' SHE LOOKIN' FO' YOU!

HER BEAUTY WAS LIKE  
A SPRING MORN'!

AVE! SHE MADE ME FEEL  
LIGHT AND FREE, LIKE  
A BIRD!

WHUT IS SO REMARKABOBBL'  
ABOUT DAT? YOU IS A  
BIRD, MISTUH OWL.



NATURAL AH IS—BUT  
SHE MAKE ME LIKE  
IT! OH, SHE IS A  
GEM OF DE  
WOODLAND!



HERE SHE COME, BOYS—  
SHE TWO POINTS OFF  
OF MA STARBOARD BOW.

NOW SHE'LL PROBLY WANT  
YO' TO GIVE UP SEEGARS—  
SO YOU GIVES ME AN'  
TURKLE ALL YOU SEEGARS  
AN' US RELIEVES YO'  
OF DAT PROBLEM.

SHO! YOU GOTTA BE  
NEAT AND SLICK TO  
APPEAL TO DAT  
STRAWBERRY  
SHORTCUT.



HMMPH!

H'LO DERE, BIG BOY!  
AH IS IN LOVE OF  
YOU—WHY DON'T  
YOU GIVE UP  
SEEGARS?

WAIT JES' A MINUTE,  
BROWN EYES...

OH BOY! HE GOIN'  
IN TO GIT DE  
SEEGARS! HERE'S  
WHERE US GIT'S  
ALL OF ALBERT'S  
SEEGARS!

OH BOY!  
HE IS  
SPEECHLESS!



DOG MA CATS!  
AH IS A  
NATURAL  
BORN  
SI-REEN!

PUT UP YOU HANDS,  
LARCENY LIL-AH GOT  
A CIRCULAR HERE FUM  
THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT-  
SAYS YOU WANTED IN  
52 STATES.



POW!

DAT FO' YOU  
ACCOMPLICES!



HONEST, ALBERT, AH  
IS JES' ME... AH  
ISN'T LARCENY LIL-  
AH IS PLAIN POGO!  
FRIENDLY AND  
LOVABLE OL' ME!



POOF

AH KNEWED YOU WASN'T  
STRAWBERRY SHORTCUT, DE  
BATON ROUGE BOMBSHELL-  
'CAUSE YOU TALKED JES  
LIKE POGO POSSUM.



DAT'S  
GREAT!

AN' AH KNEWED DEM TWO FLIM  
FLAMMERS WAS AFTAH MA SEEGARS  
WHEN DEY CALL DASH YERE GROCERY  
LIST A LOVE LETTER. MAN, AH  
KIN READ A LITTLE BITTY.



COME ON OVER  
TO MA HOUSE  
FO' COOKIES  
'AN' MILK.

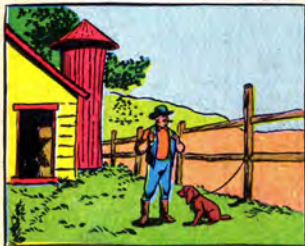
GUESS AH  
WILL, POGO

WONDER WHY DEM  
TWO AFTER YOU SEE-  
GARS WHEN ALL YOU  
SMOKES IS DRIED-UP  
OL' STICKS  
ANYWAYS



# ROVER

YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT ROVER WAS AUCTIONED OFF AND HERE HE IS NOW RIDING OFF WITH HIS NEW MASTER. TO WHAT? — HE WONDERS, AS THE WAGON JOGS ALONG.



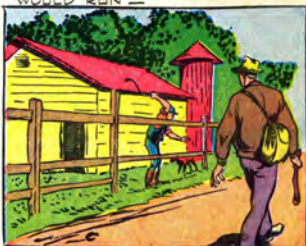
TO A VERY NEW SORT OF EXISTENCE, HE LEARNED. FOR THE FIRST TIME ROVER FELT CAPTIVITY. HE WAS TIED UP!



— AND HE WAS SO GLAD TO RUN FREE WHEN HE WAS RELEASED THAT THOUGH HIS NEW MASTER THREATENED AND CURSED, ROVER WOULD RUN —



UNTIL HE WAS CAUGHT. THEN HIS MASTER ROLLED UP HIS SLEEVES. "BY GEORGE, I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON," HE CRIED.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS YOUNG LIFE, ROVER RECEIVED A MERCILESS BEATING.





"JUST A MINUTE THERE, FRIEND," INTERRUPTED A VOICE, "THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A DOG."



"MAYBE YOU COULD JUST STEP OVER THAT FENCE AND SHOW ME HOW," ANGRILY RETORTED THE BULLY.



"WELL, I COULD SURELY TRY." AND WITH THAT A YOUNG MAN VAULTED THE FENCE.



— AND BEFORE THE BULLY COULD GATHER HIS SURPRISED WITS, THE YOUNG MAN STRUCK.



"NOW, YOU JUST STAND STILL A MINUTE, BOY," HE SAID, AS HE GRABBED THE ROPE.



"AND SEEING AS HOW I'M TAKING THE DOG, I'LL PAY YOU. HERE'S ALL I HAVE."



"WELL, I GUESS WE'RE BOTH ON THE ROAD NOW, BOY. I WONDER WHAT YOUR NAME IS?"



"YOU MUST HAVE A LONG ONE, I BET FOR YOU LOOK LIKE A THOROUGHBRED. SOMETHING LIKE RED OF SO AND SO, I IMAGINE."



"BUT I'LL JUST CALL YOU ROVER, FOR THAT'S ABOUT WHAT YOU'LL DO WITH ME, BOY... ROVE."



"BUT IT ISN'T SO BAD, YOU KNOW... NOT IN SUCH WEATHER AS THIS, AND BESIDES, THERE'S NO ROPE ON EITHER OF US, IS THERE?"



THEN ONE MORNING, ROVER LEARNED HIS FIRST LESSON FROM HIS NEW FRIEND. "HERE, BOY," HE CALLED, "COME HERE."



"YOU HAVE TO LEARN YOUR MANNERS, YOU KNOW, AND THE FIRST ONE IS TO HEEL!"



AND ROVER LEARNED AGAIN WHEN ONCE HE RAN AHEAD TO PLAY WITH A LITTLE BIRD. "HEY, NO! NO! YOU JUST DON'T RUN AFTER BIRDS."



"YOU HAVE TO BE A GENTLEMAN, YOU KNOW: YOU CAN'T JUST GO SCARIN' EVERYTHING IN SIGHT."



SO ROVER LEARNED MANY THINGS. HE LEARNED TO SIT QUIETLY ON THE BANK WHILE THEY STALKED THE WILY TROUT ----



HE LEARNED TO FETCH WHEN HIS FRIEND CRIED OUT, "FETCH IT, ROVER."



AND HE NEVER TIRED OF THAT GAME, FOR RETRIEVING WAS HIS NATURAL LEANING, BEING A SPANIEL.



ROVER CERTAINLY ENJOYED THIS NEW WAY OF LIFE, THE DAYS PASSED QUICKLY.



AND THEN ONE AFTERNOON WALKING UP INTO THE FOOTHILLS, THEY CAME UPON A LITTLE MINING TOWN.



"JUST IN TIME," SAID HIS FRIEND, "FOR WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF BACON AND COFFEE."



"MAYBE, I COULD GET A JOB FOR A WHILE TO EARN SOME MONEY."



SO TOGETHER, ROVER AND HIS FRIEND WENT INTO THE OFFICE OF BIG JOHN BARRON, THE MINE BOSS. "ANY CHANCE FOR A JOB?"



BUT BIG JOHN DIDN'T ANSWER RIGHT AWAY, HE WAS ADMIRING ROVER.



TO THE REQUEST FOR WORK. BIG JOHN PAID NO ATTENTION. "HOW MUCH Y' WANT FOR THE MUTT," HE ASKED.



"THE DOG ISN'T FOR SALE," ANSWERED ROVER'S FRIEND. "NOW ABOUT THAT JOB I WAS ASKING ABOUT, ANY CHANCE?"



BUT BIG JOHN WANTED ROVER. "YOU GOT OWNER'S PAPERS FOR THAT DOG? NO? I THOUGHT NOT."



"WELL, HERE'S A FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE, NOW I'LL TAKE THE MUTT AND YOU GET OUT OF HERE."



"I SAID THE DOG IS NOT FOR SALE!" REPLIED RED, FLINGING THE MONEY BACK AT BIG JOHN.



BIG JOHN WAS INFURIATED. "THROW THIS BUM OUT," HE SCREAMED AT HIS TWO HIRED HANDS. "THROW HIM OUT QUICK AND GRAB THAT MUTT."



"AND STUFF THAT FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE IN HIS POCKET. BIG JOHN BARON PAYS FOR WHAT HE TAKES."



AND TOSSING HIS HAT AFTER HIM THEY FLUNG THE STRUGGLING YOUNG MAN INTO THE ROAD.



"NOW GIT MOVIN' CHUM," SAID ONE OF THE HIRED HANDS, HOLDING A REVOLVER IN HIS HAND.



"WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH A GUY CAN DO AGAINST A GUN WHEN HE DOESN'T HAVE ONE," MUSED THE DEJECTED YOUNG MAN.



AS RED STRODE OUT OF THE TOWN INTO THE FOREST HE THOUGHT SADLY OF THE MISSING ROVER.



"HE WAS A GOOD DOG AND WE WERE GOOD FRIENDS," HE THOUGHT AS HE PASSED BY A LITTLE POND TO REFLECT ON HIS DIFFICULTIES.



"FIVE DOLLARS FOR A FRIEND !  
I DON'T THINK I NEED MONEY  
THAT BAD ."



RED FLUNG THE GOLD COIN  
INTO THE POND. "ROVER, OLD BOY  
DONT EVER THINK I SOLD YOU!"



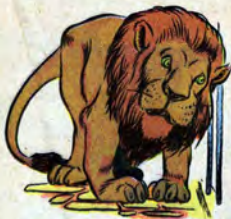
AS THE COIN SKIPPED OVER THE WATER THERE WAS A CRACKLING  
IN THE BRUSH. A BROWN STREAK BURST INTO VIEW. IT WAS  
ROVER ! DRIPPING WET, ROVER LAID DOWN THE COIN AT HIS  
MASTER'S FEET. HADN'T HE THROWN IT FOR HIM TO RETRIEVE ?



HAPPILY RED AND ROVER WENT THEIR WAY ONCE MORE. "ROVER, MY  
BOY, CHUCKLED RED. WE BETTER NOT RETURN THE MONEY OR YOU MIGHT  
NOT ESCAPE SO EASILY AGAIN. BUT IN THE NEXT TOWN WE HIT, I'LL  
BUY YOU THE BIGGEST BEST STEAK YOU EVER SAW."



# ROYAL PREDICAMENT



I'VE GOT A LITTLE SECRET THAT I'D LIKE TO TELL TO YOU.

I'M GETTING MIGHTY TIRED BEING A LION IN THE ZOO




MY RIGHTFUL PLACE IS AFRICA WHERE I COULD ROAR MY FILL.


WHERE I COULD HAVE A TEMPER WHENEVER I APPEARED.








AND EVERYONE WOULD  
SCAMPER CAUSE I'D  
BE AWF'LY FEARED!




THERE'S ONLY ONE  
THING WRONG WITH  
IT. THERE MIGHT BE  
A REVOLUTION!



I MIGHT GET CHASED BACK  
TO THE ZOO. SO NOW I  
DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

CAN YOU TELL ME  
THE SOLUTION?

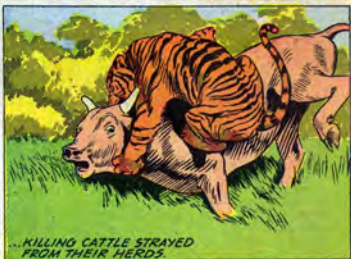


# SITARA

MANY A VILLAGER  
IN THE PROVINCE OF  
CHANDIPUR OWED HIS  
LIFE TO THE CLEVERNESS  
OF KADRA SINGH,  
THE TIGER HUNTER.



BUT AS ALERT AS HE WAS, MANY A TIGER  
WOULD CROSS THE BOUNDARIES OF  
THE SURROUNDING PROVINCES...



...KILLING CATTLE STRAYED  
FROM THEIR HERDS.



EVERY DAY KADRA SINGH  
PATROLLED THE JUNGLES, WATCHING THE HERDSMEN.



ONE DAY A HERDSMAN REPORTED THAT AN  
OLD TIGRESS HAD CARRIED OFF A YOUNG  
CALF IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.



THINKING THAT SHE WOULD RETURN ON THE SAME TRAIL FOR ANOTHER EASY KILL, KADRA CLIMBED A NEARBY TREE.



AFTER A LONG WAIT, KADRA WAS PROVEN RIGHT, AND A SURE SHOT DROPPED THE TIGRESS IN HER TRACKS.



THE NEXT DAY, WHILE HE WAS PLAYING WITH HIS LITTLE BOY, ZIA, TWO HERD-BOYS BROUGHT HIM A YOUNG TIGER CUB.



"WE FOUND HIM NEAR THE EDGE OF THE PASTURE," THEY SAID, "HE MUST HAVE BELONGED TO THE TIGRESS YOU KILLED."



"WHAT SPUNK THE LITTLE FELLOW HAS! I HATE TO KILL HIM."



"LET ME KEEP HIM JUST A LITTLE WHILE, FATHER."



"FOR A LITTLE WHILE PERHAPS, SON, BUT HE WILL SOON TURN KILLER AND THEN WE WILL HAVE TO DESTROY HIM."

"LOOK, SON, THE MARKING ON HIS FORE-HEAD, IT LOOKS LIKE A STAR. WE SHALL CALL HIM SITARA."



SOON THE LITTLE CUB BECAME QUITE TAME.



ZIA AND SITARA BECAME REAL FRIENDS.



AS TIME PASSED, THE YOUNG TIGER GREW MUCH FASTER THAN THE BOY, BUT HE STILL WAS PLAYFUL.



THE VILLAGERS, HOWEVER, BECAME UNEASY AS SITARA GREW, FOR THEY FEARED THAT ANY DAY HIS KILLER INSTINCT WOULD BE AROUSED.



THEN CAME THE TIME KADRA SINGH HAD FORESEEN WHEN SITARA BEGAN TO GROWL AT ZIA'S PLAYFUL ATTENTION, SITARA WAS NO LONGER A CUB.



KADRA GOT HIS RIFLE, TO PUT AN END TO THE TIGER'S LIFE BEFORE HIS OWN SON MIGHT GET KILLED.



BUT SITARA MUST HAVE SENSED THIS. HE DISAPPEARED INTO THE JUNGLE AND NEVER AGAIN RETURNED TO THE VILLAGE.



ABOUT A YEAR LATER YOUNG ZIA RECEIVED HIS FIRST LESSONS IN HIS FATHER'S PROFESSION. FIRST HE LEARNED HOW TO USE A LIGHT RIFLE.



THEN KADRA TAUGHT HIM THE RUDIMENTS OF JUNGLE CRAFT.



ZIA WAS ALWAYS AFRAID THAT A TIGER HIS FATHER HAD KILLED MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE SITARA.



ONE AFTERNOON A BOY RUSHED INTO THEIR HOUSE. "MY FATHER HAS BEEN KILLED BY A TIGER!"



"A MAN KILLER," SOBING OUT HIS STORY, HE SHOWED KADRA THE TIGER'S TRACKS.



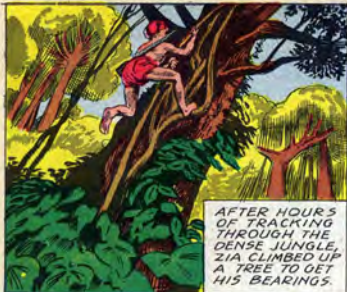
KADRA QUICKLY GATHERED MEN FOR BEATERS.



IN THE JUNGLE, ZIA AND HIS FATHER SEPARATED...



EACH FOLLOWING A FRESH SET OF TRACKS.



AFTER HOURS OF TRACKING THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE, ZIA CLIMBED UP A TREE TO GET HIS BEARINGS.



A DEAD BRANCH GAVE WAY UNDER HIS FOOT...



AND DOWN HE HURTTED.



NEARLY AN HOUR LATER, HE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS.



HIS LEG TWISTED AND NUMB, ZIA PULLED HIMSELF TO A NEARBY STREAM



AS HE BENT DOWN TO DRINK, HE HEARD A SPINE-CHILLING, GUTTERAL SNARL.



THERE STOOD THE MAN-EATER.



FANGS BARED, HIS GREEN EYES GLEAMING.



ZIA CRIED  
OUT IN  
TERROR.



UTTERLY HELPLESS, HE CLAMPED HIS EYES SHUT, AWAITING HIS DEATH, WHEN SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DENSE FOLIAGE BEHIND HIM, LEAPED A SNARLING STREAK OF STRIPED LIGHTNING.





ZIA LOOKED UP IN  
AMAZEMENT.



SITARA!



THE MAN-EATER WAS NO MATCH FOR  
SITARA AND GAVE WAY BEFORE THE  
SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT.



TORN AND BLEEDING, HE DRAGGED  
HIMSELF BACK INTO THE JUNGLE.



SITARA SLOWLY ADVANCED TOWARD ZIA.



HE STARED INTO ZIA'S EYES FOR  
A LONG MINUTE...



THEN SLOWLY, HE TOO DISAPPEARED.



KADRA AND SOME OF THE BEATERS HAD BEEN VERY CLOSE BY, AND CAME RUNNING TO THE SCENE.



CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF THE DISAPPEARING TIGER, KADRA QUICKLY RAISED HIS RIFLE WHEN ZIA CRIED OUT,



"DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!"



"IT WAS SITARA WHO SAVED MY LIFE!"



QUICKLY ZIA TOLD WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



EAGERLY KADRA AND HIS MEN FOLLOWED THE TRACKS OF THE WOUNDED MAN-EATER.



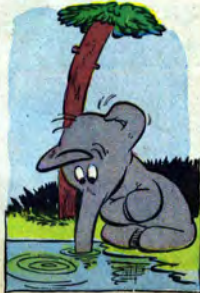
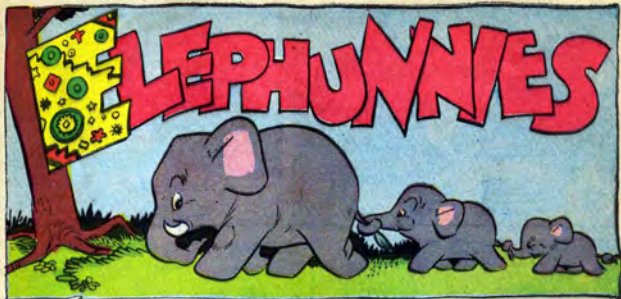
SUDDENLY A SAVAGE ROAR, AND KADRA SPUN AROUND.

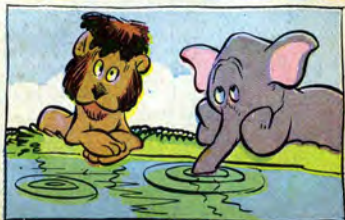
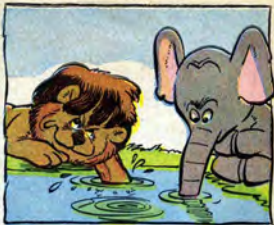
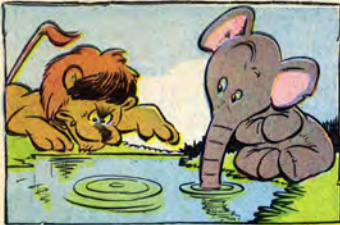


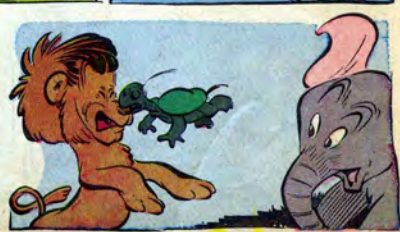
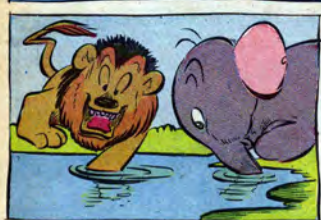
TWO RAPID SHOTS FROM THE HIP, FOR HE HAD NO TIME TO EVEN RAISE HIS RIFLE, FOUND THEIR MARK.

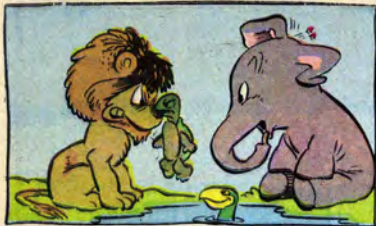


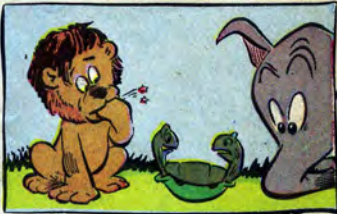
"YOU SEE, MY FATHER, SAID THE WOUNDED LAD, 'OUR KINDNESS WAS REWARDED.'"  
"YES, MY SON, IT WAS," REPLIED THE OLD HUNTER. "THERE IS HONOR EVEN AMONG THE BEASTS."



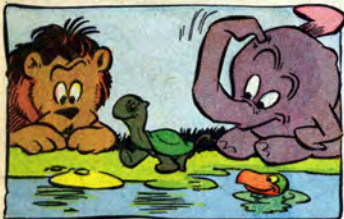


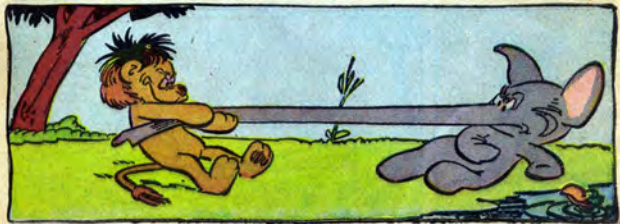
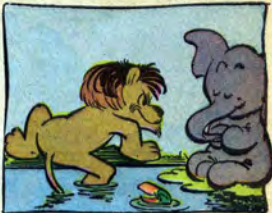
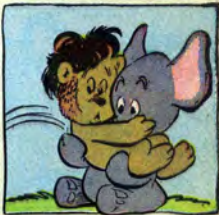
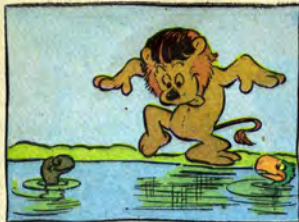


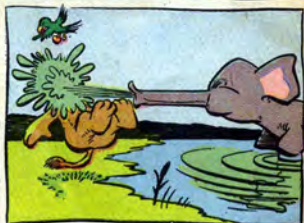
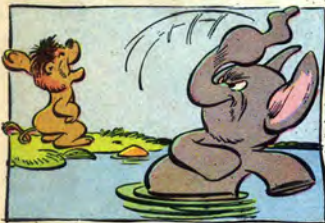
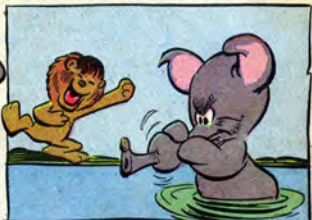
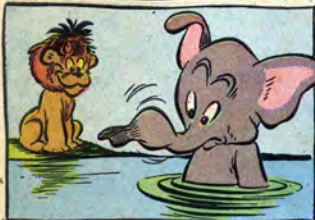
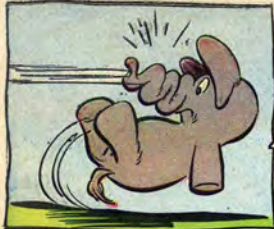












Peter was a city pigeon. He lived in Circus Square. Which was very funny because it was not square at all but round like a circle.

Every morning when he woke up Peter would fly several times around the square, which was really a circle, to give himself a good appetite.

After breakfast Peter would splash in the fountain, which was also built like a circle, and then walk round and round it and talk with his friends, the sparrows. Sometimes Peter felt that all he did was go around in circles. His friends, the sparrows, just twittered when Peter complained and asked him, "Why don't you go to the country, then?"

"I would like very much to go to the country," answered Peter. "How do I get there?"

"You just go," said the sparrows. "Just keep flying in a straight line and the first thing you know you are in the country."

"Fine," said Peter, "now that I know, I'll go this very afternoon."

So Peter ate a very large lunch so he would have a lot of energy, and then he said goodbye to all his little friends and off he flew. But when he got in the air all he did was fly round and round the square.

"What's he going around and around for?" asked a little sparrow.

"Probably just circling to get warmed up," his father answered.

At last one of the sparrows decided to fly up and see just what was the matter. So up into the air he went and when he came alongside of Peter, he called out, "What is the matter with you, Peter? You are just flying in circles."

"I have never flown any other way," said Peter, "and I can't seem to get going in a straight line."

"Well, you better come down," said the sparrow, "and try walking. You certainly aren't getting anywhere this way."

"I certainly am not," agreed Peter and he came down and started to walk to the country. But poor little Peter had spent so much time walking



'round and 'round the fountain that he could only walk in large circles so he always came back to right where he started from.

Finally one of the sparrows said, "It's plain to see that you will never get to the country by walking; you had better take a streetcar."

Peter agreed that this was the only thing left for him to do, so when a streetcar came by the Circus Square he flew up to the top.

"Now be sure and get off at the edge of town," called a sparrow.

It was very pleasant on top of the streetcar. The sun was warm and the car rocked agreeably as it jogged along, so Peter just dozed off, and when he woke up he was right back in Circus Square again, in the exact same spot where he had hopped aboard.

"Why, the streetcar goes in circles, too!" exclaimed Peter. And he hopped off and ran in a little circle over to tell the sparrows. But when he came to the fountain only one little sparrow was there.

"Where is everybody?" asked Peter.

"They've all gone to the country and I'm leaving now, too," answered the sparrow. "We thought you'd be well on your way by now."

And up into the air and straight away he flew, before Peter could even answer.

"What very peculiar birds these sparrows are," thought Peter. "Everything else goes in circles and they fly straight."

After that Peter was very happy living in the Square which really was a circle, and he spent all his time flying and walking around and around.

# Albert AND Pogo

